

The Washington Times

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1917.

We Are Promised—Only Promised—Fourteen Ounces of Bread for 8 Cents. England Gets NOW Sixteen Ounces of Bread for Four and a Half Cents.

Is It Possible, We Ask in Good Faith, to Bring Those Prices Nearer Together?

It has been mentioned occasionally here in this newspaper that a vigorous effort should be made to give the United States, which produces wheat and flour, bread as cheap as the bread in England, which gets its wheat from us and carries it across the ocean.

A gentleman officially connected writes in a supercilious tone asking "Upon what do you base your statement that bread sells in England for four and a quarter cents a pound?"

We base it upon FACTS. We base it also upon a cable just received from England by the Department of Commerce.

Under Mr. Wilson's Administration, all information possible is secured and given to the American people promptly.

At our request, and at our expense, the Department of Commerce was good enough to cable abroad to the agent of the United States Government and received by cable—the cable being sent to us—information that the four-pound loaf in England sells for nine pence—eighteen cents for four pounds, four and a half cents for one pound of sixteen ounces.

Americans must not, however, imagine that it should necessarily be possible for private enterprise, or even for the Government itself, to sell bread in the United States as cheaply as it can be sold in England.

At first glance it seems unbelievable that American wheat, made into American flour, carried 3,000 miles across the ocean, with terrifically high freight rates in the face of submarine attacks, should be sold in London as bread for less than half the price of bread in New York.

But it must be remembered that labor in the United States costs double as much as labor in England.

It must be remembered that manufacturing here is expensive, that profits here all along the line, from the profit of the miller to the rent of the man who owns the baker shop, are much bigger than in England.

There may be excellent reasons why American wheat that makes bread costing more than 9 cents a pound in the United States, should make bread costing less than 5 cents a pound in England.

At the same time, the facts are disconcerting. They are worthy the attention of the President himself. With all the load of the war, the trouble of this nation and other nations resting on his shoulders, he cannot be expected to attend to every detail.

But bread is to human beings what hay and oats are to horses. Bread is the foundation of life, of hard, efficient work. Nothing could have a better effect in this country than to announce, for instance, that by Government control and co-operation—without injustice to labor or reasonable profit, bread would be sold at six cents a pound, or at least seven cents a pound. Be sure that the President will bring this to pass if he can, and that HE can, if any man can.

The great French Republic has realized for years—taught by the grain gamblers of long ago—that the people to be contented need a fixed price for bread. Long before the war, France regulated the price of bread, throughout the entire nation.

With bread and water people CAN live. With cheap bread they cannot complain that the cost of life is beyond them. It would pay the Government to make good any loss to individuals, if that could be done—that is to say, any legitimate loss—and arrange for wholesome, well-baked bread of good flour and fair weight to be sold to the people at a low price.

It certainly would be worth while to find out how the English do it, exactly how much of the difference is due to the higher cost of wages here, and all other facts important.

For Uncle Sam—and Men Interested in the Nation's Development

Here Are Interesting Facts and Figures.

Men, corporations, and governments invest their millions in coal deposits, expensive to operate and soon exhausted—and endless power is going to waste throughout the nation that should be used.

For instance, how does this impress you?

The construction of a dam in the gorge between Niagara Falls and Lake Ontario would create a new water power that would harness TWO MILLION HORSEPOWER NOW GOING TO WASTE.

A mass of useless, plunging foam could be made to produce power.

(Continued At Bottom of Last Column.)

What If?

By Raemaekers



Raemaekers has drawn here a picture for Times readers that is full of inspiration for thought. What if The Chinless Hero of Verdun was President of the United States? What if Woodrow Wilson could be

made tomorrow the director of the destinies of the German people? Think over these two propositions, it will make you better and wiser and more appreciative of being an American.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article on Marrying

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

TALK about "the face that launched a thousand ships and fired the turrets of Ilium!" Or was it, "the towers of Ilium?" I never can remember.

A few days ago I published a letter in this space—the self-revelation of a young woman of twenty-seven years—which seems to have stirred the ranks of all bachelors.

Not the Offers of Triflers, But the Sincerity of Regular People.

From East and West and North and South the responses have come, and in such numbers that my mail is clogged and I find myself inundated by the tide of correspondence. And every other letter carries an offer of marriage for "Miss Twenty-seven"—a genuine proffer of heart and hand, authenticated by the fact that the writers give their right names and addresses, if one may judge by their business letterheads.

One who receives many letters gets to be an expert in reading between the lines, and these epistles do not reflect the vagaries and impulses of "triflers," visionaries, and cranks, but the wishes and longings of solid, substantial members of society, "regular people," who appear to realize the full responsibility entailed by their action.

"I am a widower thirty-four years old," one writes, "have done my bit in service on the border last summer, and am now honorably discharged. I have a beautiful little home, and am capable of taking good care of a wife."

Another writes that he has held a responsible position with the same firm for a number of years, and is a taxpayer both in New Jersey and in Greater New York. "Never before have I read a letter which appealed to me more than the one you quote in your article," he says. "I consider the young lady a jewel that any man might

be proud to win." A bachelor of thirty-two presents as his qualifications an appointive position under the city government, with a private income in addition. He has an apartment in town and a farm within the commuting zone. But so far he hasn't found the right girl, and he is firmly convinced that "Miss Twenty-seven" is she. He touches in his letter on some of his disillusionizing experiences:

"One sweet girl's idea of a husband is a man who will provide her with an automobile and a saddle horse. Another would be willing to live in the country, if she could have 'plenty of help.' I have an automobile, but I cannot afford at present prices of feed to keep a saddle horse, nor 'plenty of help.' What I need is a partner."

A Successful Clergyman One of the Writers Who Would Wed.

And so it goes. "Rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief." There are offers of marriage from them all. A successful preacher among the aspirants encloses his photograph. A radio operator in the navy, now stationed on the Pacific coast, wants to start a correspondence with the girl of twenty-seven until they have an opportunity to meet.

"She will find me a man of good morals," he writes, "well educated and as good looking as the best."

I find all this rather breath-taking. I have heard and read so much of the campaign of "frightfulness" inaugurated by those speculators that haunt the imagination of the bachelor, the High Cost of Living and the Extravagance of the Modern Woman, that I had supposed the average man was becoming somewhat gun-shy of matrimony. Many of them had confided to me that they were, but I fear these were the "slackers." For, if the testimony of these letters is any indication, the campaign of "frightfulness" has failed.

There are evidently quantities of eligible bachelors all over the country who remain single simply because they can not find the type of woman they want.

I wish to state with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that I am not a marriage broker, that neither vast wealth nor immortal fame could induce me to run a marriage bureau. Neither shall I effect any introductions between young men and young women who are unknown to me, no matter how earnest and pitiful their pleas. Some are born to trouble, some achieve it, and some have trouble thrust upon them. I have achieved all the trouble I care for in this life, without having any more thrust upon me. I hope I have made my position quite plain.

Yet, as I gaze at the pile of letters on one side of my desk from these young men, honest, sincere enough for the most part; and then look at the even larger pile on the other side which voice the yearnings of so many girls for "that little home of my own, and all that goes with it," I cannot help wishing that there were some sort of clearing house of hearts where these mutual longings might be liquidated.

Man's Ideal of Womanhood Sketched by Girl in Her Letters.

There is, perhaps, a clue to the problem in the number and variety of the letters I have received in response to my article embodying the communication from "Miss Twenty-seven."

Would it not seem that the portrait she there drew of herself very nearly approaches the average man's ideal of womanhood? Let me repeat her description: "I am good-looking and attractive and earn an excellent salary. Men confide to me their hopes and ambitions, and seek my advice. Every one tells me what a wonderful girl I am, what a devoted

daughter, what an admirable friend. I can cook and sew and wash and iron and crochet and embroider and play the piano and converse. I want my husband to be a leader, and I want to help him take an interest in communal affairs. I want a home in the suburbs and 'kiddies.' I want an open fireplace and easy chairs. I want to help those who need help, if it's only to give a word of cheer."

There, my sisters! That is what the men of today are seeking. That is the 1917 model in sweethearts. Fit yourself to that pattern, and you will not long go unwed and unloved.

But it may be objected that "Twenty-seven" herself, the exemplar of the type—bright, efficient and attractive though she is—still remains a spinster. True; but that has been entirely of her own volition. Read what she says in the second letter she has written me:

Had Many Chances to Marry, But the Right Man Hasn't Arrived.

"Do not think for a minute that I have not had opportunities of marriage. I have had lots of them. I guess it must be that Mr. Right hasn't come along. Most of the men who have wanted me have been clever, capable business men, and they have looked up to me as a wonder. And while I think it must be rather nice to be placed on a pedestal, I want a man who is by far my superior in every way. I don't relish being head of the house. I want to be the wife of an important husband, not the important wife of a mere man."

"I really didn't dream that my story would be considered worthy of one of your articles, Mrs. Woodrow, nor that it would be given such wide publicity. I feel greatly flattered, but perhaps some of your criticisms are a little unjust. This may be due to the fact that I did not make myself entirely clear in my former letter."

Street Accidents and the Parking Privilege

There Is a Growing Need For More Traffic Police and New Regulations. The Safety-First Campaign.

Three things are needed to assist in relieving the congestion on Washington streets and to prevent accidents—more traffic police, new parking regulations, and public support of a city-wide safety-first movement.

"Accidents continue unabated" runs a headline in The Washington Post, and the record thereunder fully justifies the statement. Major Pullman and his traffic squad are doing splendid work, but they apparently need help. There are more automobiles and more people on the streets of Washington today than at any previous time in its history, with the exception of holiday occasions. This imposes a tremendous responsibility on the police department which should obtain extra appropriations so that it may carry on the work efficiently.

The present parking regulations are incomplete—at least they are unknown to great numbers who drive vehicles. This is because the restricted zones have been changed from time to time without sufficient publicity or any protecting signs. And there is no way to distinguish between the signs set up by the District authorities and private individuals. If as the courts have decided the property-owner of this city cannot park his machine indefinitely in front of his own residence or business establishment in the restricted zone because his jurisdiction does not extend beyond the curb, it is similarly not the right of the property-owner to prohibit the parking of other automobiles during the fifteen-minute limit.

In some cases, the parking regulations have manifestly been unjust. One man whose success in the business enterprise in which he is engaged depends upon the ease with which customers can visit his store finds after considerable expense and outlay that machines cannot park even for fifteen minutes in front of his building. If the fifteen-minute rule is enforced there is no reason why any part of the city streets should not be open to vehicles.

Support for the safety-first movement must come from every home in Washington. It is human, of course, to consider oneself immune from accident. As Young was wont to say: "All men consider all men mortal but themselves." Mothers and fathers who have children should be especially eager to enlist themselves in the campaign about to be made for safety in the streets of Washington. The District Commissioners no doubt will lend every influence to the encouragement of the educational movement planned by Washington's Safety First Association. The people of this city should not wait for some terrible accident to happen before becoming aroused to the necessity of the hour.

For Uncle Sam—and Men Interested in the Nation's Development.

(Continued From First Column.)

duce two millions of horsepower; the plan for harnessing this power has been worked out by T. K. Thomson, an engineer of New York city. Realize what it will mean in the way of saving time, labor, the use of coal cars, the carting of ashes, the building and using up of boilers and furnaces, when the power of running water is made to supply heat, light, and all the energy needed to supply the country, including an overhead electric supply of power to run machines on the farm.

Read the following interesting letter from one who talks of water power in the Northwest. This writer has in mind especially the use of water power for manufacturing paper:

To the Editor of The Washington Times, Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have just returned from a visit and inspection tour of the Northwest, and I believe that the water power on the Snake River is the best in the United States. In fact, I visited Shoshone Falls, a cataract 212 feet high, and when I saw that great river falling that distance and the power being entirely lost with the exception of a very small plant there, I thought of the very thing that you suggested.

Just east of Shoshone Falls are the Twin Falls, 190 feet high (20 feet higher than Niagara), not over three miles from Shoshone Falls. These falls are scarcely ever visited; they are not being used for anything, and as the Snake River is not a navigable river, the power of these falls could be had for the asking to build up the paper manufacturing industry. Surrounding these falls on all sides are thousands of acres of wheat and oat stacks. Many of the farmers, when they thresh their grain, burn their stacks to get rid of the straw. This straw is one of the best materials in the manufacture of paper that can be found; not only that, a few miles from these falls, near Emmet, Idaho, is one of the largest saw mills in the world and millions of feet of good wood pulp timber can be had there.

The great Snake River falls over 5,000 feet in crossing the State of Idaho, and not one-quarter of one per cent of its power is being utilized. Also, I learned that Idaho clipped this Spring 20,000,000 pounds of wool, of the common wool, Merino and Angora, and the surrounding States of Utah, Montana, Oregon, Washington and northern California, all accessible to the Snake River, clipped upwards of 80,000,000 pounds of wool this Spring. If Uncle Sam desires a place to manufacture blankets and woollens for his armies, no better spot can be found. People who know tell us that where the expense of coal, boilers, steam and heat can be dispensed with, the greatest overhead expense of any factory is eliminated, and with the great water power of the Snake River today many farm houses, and, in fact, all the school buildings and other public buildings in Idaho, are heated with electricity, because it is cheaper than coal at \$5 a ton for heating purposes. In fact, the United States Government is selling electricity in Idaho at their Minnedoka plant for half a cent per kilowatt.

Yours very truly,
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